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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOL. VIII—WHOLE No. 368.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 3, 1829.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

AN EPIPHALIUM,
ressed to a young Sister lately married.
The deed is done, the vine is known,
Soft on the wings of love
The angels, with the contract flown,
Both written it above;
Tis written on the eternal page,
Bright as the blazing sun,
Promises from youth to hoary age,
In hand and heart are one.

Even as the dove upon the plain,
That mourns her silent mate,
Nor rests till he returns again,
Be you thus desolate;

Part you in desolate, and return
In dignity and love,
Thus in affection shall you burn
To imitate the dove.

Let stored home the temple be
Of pleasure and repose,
The bickerings of anger flee,
The fruitful source of woes;
Sooth in distress and win to joys,
Till bid all sorrow cease—
Then shall that imitate the dove
In pleasure and in peace.

Love is the magnet of the mind—
The heart's own Alchymy,
That turns the turner's way to joy refined,
And grief to ecstasy;
The source of sorrow and the balm
That heals the sicken'd soul—
It can the rage of anger calm—
The sternest heart control.

Remember that the conquest is
More hard to keep than gain,
And easier to take than loss;
Than that same bliss retain;
Remember, and forever guard
The angel of the heart;

Then shall you please your friend, the Bard,
And mutual peace impat.

MILFORD BARD.

SONNET TO SIN.
fear from virtue's flowery path to part;
Tread not the thorny road that leads to sin;
The deadliest aspect lie conceal'd therein,
So vexing unceasingly upon the heart.

Sin! 'tis thy delight soon to destroy
The youth whose dawning genius once bade fair
Adventure on the stage of life to appear
And be the father's hope—the mother's joy.

sin that with thy hellish influence blight
The sweetest buds of genius' fair flower,
And by thy lying but devious power
The fettered soul is wrapt in one unblushing night.

Then, poor deluded man, reflect on this—
sin's enticing path thou ne'er will find true bliss.

CARLOS.

LINES.
I him once in all the flush of health,
A creature greater than boundless wealth;
He rose upon his check display'd his bosom,
And ev'ry breath exhal'd its sweet perfume;
Dark waved his curl'd upon his forehead high,
And bright as Venus shone each lucid eye;
In step to firm, so graceful all his air,
That strength and beauty kiss'd each other there;
But older far, within his cultur'd mind
Ach'd those dweat that blis' the human kind;
He angel, peace, there held a mild control—
His passion cur'd and sweeten'd all the soul;
He was friend ship's smile; (he never let
An eager eye to wound her with regret.)

Here bland religion found a sacred rest,
And hush'd each sigh that trembled in the breast;
Here loyly grace descended from the throne;
And all the heaven of rapture was his own.

Such joy while wand'ring on the earth,
How holy transport laid his heavenly birth;

He dwelt in the twilight and was gay;
But there he hid in secret day;

forever enchanted by his tender voice;

At there pockson makes him joy to rejoice;

ev'ry winter wad'nt hit plumb wigg;

here fresh and fesler blouson eternal sing;

here friends were few, and scarcely could be told;

But there ten thousand lead'rs parents glad!

Here enjoy life's sweetest pleasure;

But haply divine awake the heavenly phant;

Here God was known in nature and in grace;

But here he sees his Maker face to face!

LOKAN.

EUPHRATES.

Math. XII, from 24 to 37 ver. inclusive.
Twas on the rich banks of Euphrates' stream,
Acholic, omniscient, all-wise and supreme,
Whose stately Adam in E'en's sweet how's,
Vain Eve his companion, a delicate flower.
She's w'd their young bosoms with seed in their
youth,
Virtue, benevolence, wisdom and truth;
And on the same ground where too sheeze wheat
was sown,
The tares by the tongue of the serpent were thrown:

Tis plain to be seen, that the heart is the ground
Where truth and deception are both to be found;
Here are the two seeds which the human heart
beare—
All that is meant by the wheat and the tares.
The servants of old saw it not in their day,
How God has great goodness to man would display;
They saw not the depth of that wondrous plan,
Which wisdom had drawn for the welfare of man.

These servants saw tares (in the wheat) bearing fruit,
And let us pull up each tare by the root;
As for the sake of reason, replied no, forsooth,
Tares grow in the wheat which should impair—
in man's way—
With their shade of the fruit they both yield,
And their fruits yield, may well avert,

more, and full hood gives
the tares.

Man early imbibed false notions of God,
Supposed him a tyrant and vengeance his rod;
The hand of tradition, & c'rescent sun began,
Has borne the delusion from father to son.

The Father of Mercy his bosom unbent—

Seal Christ to be witness of Him to the world;

Invested with wisdom and virtue to prove,

That God was Eternal, unchangeable love.

His healing the sick, and his raising the dead—

His feeding the hungry with meat, drink and bread—

His casting out devils—restoring the blind—

All prove Him who sent him a friend of mankind.

The Jews disbelieving in him, they began

To seek the sweet life of that innocent man;

Condemn'd him to justify to hang on the tree,

And bear the keen anguish of death's agony.

The earth was convulsed, her bowels distress'd—

The heavens in unmeaning appear'd to be drear'd—

The stars, pale moons, and soft's rolling flame,

All shrank from beholding the death of the Lamb.

The love that inspir'd him, while he was on earth,

Was stronger, ten thousand times stronger than

death:

Love prompt'd him to finish the task that was given,

Has'd him from the dead to the mansions of heaven.

By this we discover that mankind shall have

A lasting existence beyond the soft grave;

Renov'd from a state of corruption like this,

To dwell in perfection's soft bosom of bliss.

The first dispensation pass'd off, and the new

Unfold'd a scene of bright glory to view;

The banner, bright banner of truth was unfurled,

The ensign of peace and good news to the world.

The harvest appears, lo, the fields are all white;

The reapers went forth in the first dawn of light;

The reapers are done, whom our God doth inspire

To gather up falsehood and burn it in fire;

The Spirit of the Lamb is the sickle to keen—

The judgment flame is the fire which we mean;

The Spirit of Friendship and Love is the pike;

The mind when refined of the whole human race.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The most fruitful source of mischief to human life, is beyond doubt the impulse of passion.

It is this which poisons the enjoyments of individuals, overturns the order of society, and strews the path of life with so many miseries as to make it indeed a vale of tears.

All those great scenes of public calamity which we behold with astonishment and horror, have originated from the source of violent passions.

These have overspread the earth with bloodshed; these have stained the assassin's dagger, and filled the poisoned bowl. And may we not add these have served the arm of the murderer when raised against his friend, have multiplied sorrows of widowhood and reduced many children to the distress of orphans, and plunged the country of many who ought to have deserved their lives for her service. These in every age have furnished too copious materials for the orator's pathetic declamation, and the poet's tragic song.

Then let us remember that of small incidents

the system of human life is chiefly composed.

The attention which respect these, when suggested by real benignity of temper, is often more material to the happiness of those around us than actions which carry the appearance of greater dignity and splendor. We should never account any rules of behavior as below our regard, which tend to convert the enduring tie of friendship, especially in that familiar interview which belongs to domestic life.

Here all the virtue of temper find an ample range.

It is here the fibres of our heart, are so completely interwoven, that our happiness is a great measure is in each other keeping.

How unfortunate, that within this circle sacred to friendship, we should ever think ourselves at liberty to give unrestrained vent to the caprice of passions and humour; when, on the contrary, there, more than anywhere else, it concerns us to attend to the government of our hearts, to check what was violent in our temper, and soften what is harsh in our manners.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY CHARM.

My dear charms to soothe the aching heart—
To sooth rocks, and bind the knotted hair.

curiously, entitled to the privilege of giving advice, and being heard with patience, respectful attention, and deference; for in fact they are, generally, if men have used proper discretion in choosing them, their most faithful and judicious advisers. Take caution against criticism during a private interview, either evening or morning, unless it be protracted, in the latter period, an extraordinary length, so as to interfere with the devotions or business of the family. At all other times, I recommend, on the authority of Mr. Papplewick, that husbands do what wives whenever they give cold. Permit me to add, that it will be proper and decent to provide a few Psalms tunes for Sundays. I have known a desperate periodical, fit cured by the old hundred and fourth.

PAUL PRY.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

It is now about three and twenty years since old Billy Winter died. His real name was Smith; but to what particular branch of that numerous family he belonged is unknown—his parentage, and the history of his youth, are involved in equal obscurity. In the prime of his life he supported an erect figure, moderately tall, and remarkably slender; his visage was uncommonly meagre and pointed; there was a superfluous keenness in his eye, and his countenance bore some resemblance to that of the last of the Apostles in West's painting. Billy was much in his element when surrounded by a company of boys, who took an interest in the detail of his adventures; in the portraits of which he mostly contrived, like Defoe in his Robinson Crusoe, to compass a period that was favourable either to his own sagacity or his good fortune. The contra, opening of his fistic had been impressed with some gloomy items; but he rarely inclined to advert to them when his spirits were replenished with life, energy and action. He had been a soldier in the American Revolution—would talk of warn engagements with the enemy at Trenton—of hair-breadth escapes—and sufferings endured in the times that tried the souls and bodies of men. But on the return of peace, his fate, like that of many other soldiers, was to enlist under the banners of poverty. The boy of his youth was over—the best part of the prime of his life had been devoted to the service of his country—his relations were few, and his friends, like those of many a poor unfortunate man before him, were found to be calculators of profit and loss in the measure of their benevolence. Billy, however, found an employment at the old fox chase, on the post road to Bristol, in the capacity of hustler—and it is believed he was nearly as expert in the line of his profession, as the renowned Colonel Pluck. Congress at that time held their sessions in New York—there were no steam boats to convey travellers up and down the Delaware—land carriage was the only certain medium for the despatch of business, and the acceleration of travelling—the Bristol road was the main thoroughfare between Philadelphia and New York, and it was often thronged with stages, coaches, and coaches, so that a good public house was always supplied with the best customers—and even the office of hustler was not without its merit and its profits. But the birth in which Billy was fixed, seems not to have altogether suited; the hardships of the war had stamped a gloom on his spirits, and this so increased upon him at length, that he secluded himself much from human society—he spent his summer in "running about," as he termed it, having no home except in old sequestered buildings, and by-places, or hollow trees. He lived chiefly on berries, cherries, apples and acorns; and sometimes ramble about in the night like one deprived of his senses—and though he was perfectly harmless, and had no design of a mischievous nature, his figure was alarming to those who believed in the appearance of ghosts and spirits. Dr. Edwards, at length, as he walked over his farm, Billy in one of his hedges, and insisted upon the relinquishment of his precarious way of living. Billy at first seemed unwilling to change, but the doctor introducing a view of the work-house into his argument, he soon convinced him of the expediency of the measure. Billy engaged in the service of a respectable farmer, with the exercise of his corporal powers, his mental energies were renewed, and the sunshine of enjoyment smiled upon his prospects. Having been

one of those who were regaled clothes,

And had an wife to feed 'em—

his attention was turned towards supplying the deficiency. His honest earnings soon enabled him to equip himself comfortably as to clothing; but his efforts in regard to a wife were unsuccessful. Many an old bachelor had been disengaged as soon as he was. To obtain a wife seemed a mere chance for such a character on the north side of five and forty.

Billy was fond of fishing and fowling, but in the sports of the field he was under some disadvantage, as it was reported he could not shut one eye without closing the other at the same time, and was obliged to shoot with both eyes open. But the pleasure in relating his adventures, on these occasions, appeared ample to compensate him without much grieve.

He advanced into Billy made a journey to Red stone on foot—to visit a relation who had removed there from Jersey. He set out with 3d, or about 47 cents, to defray his expenses. It was a small sum for a trip of 600 miles—but he had learnt to economize with such skill, that it answered his purpose, with such additions as he could make by picking up small jobs in the line of his profession, at the public houses on the road.

Billy was honest, and generally industrious, though he was poor, his poverty does not appear to have resulted, like that of many others, from the intemperate use of ardent spirits. His expressions often were characteristic of originality of ideas, and taking him altogether, he was a shrewd, singular kind of genius, that was distinguishably different from every body else.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE ADVENTURE.

All was dark and dreary, the sky was black as ink, and the bleak winds blew round and about the dreary Castello Gollino.

And whistled as they went for want of thought."

Count Ridupol having blown out his candle jumped into bed, and covered his head with the clothes. But he had not lain there the half of three minutes when a dreadful thought shot across his mind, like a shock from a Leyden jar. He had forgotten to look under his bed!

Dread had that feel like to grip his pugnacious, was the work of half a moment; to feel beneath his bed, and in an instant he was grasped by an armed ruffian. They struggled.

The ruffian strained every nerve, and the Count every limb but one, in consequence of which he was hurled to the floor, and dreadfully stunned by a blow on the nose, which drew the cork.

The claret flowed freely. "Hold tight," said

the bandit, as he cast the Count from the bed. "Aye! Aye!" muttered two of the bandits, who were holding a blanket to cover him. Two more voices answered him. The Count had reached the blanket in which he lay, through the hole made by the bandit.

Two more voices answered him. "Send a light there." "Send a light! Oh, master, and let us groan the fallen man; why do you tell me there is a hole in the blanket?"

It was too dark to see it, "answered one of the bandits. "Then you must have the lightguard, you have broken one of my—grin and bear it." They then brought the lightguard through the hole made by the bandit.

"Send a light! Oh, master, and let us groan the fallen man; why do you tell me there is a hole in the blanket?"

EPITOME OF NEWS.

The number of deaths in Philadelphia during the last week, was 55, viz.—31 adults, and 27 children—of whom 17 were under one year of age.

A respectable female, crossing Walnut street, in Second-st., on Tuesday afternoon, was much injured by the carelessness of a drayman, who urged his horses to an unusual speed. The horses ran against the woman, threw her down, and the dray passed over her.

The City Commissioners state that the quantity of pavement that has been laid during the present year in this city, is 67,355 yards.

The Georgia Courier mentions, that a few days since, Mr. Simon Hancock, of Edgefield District, with a musket, shot himself through the heart. He had suffered for years with a corroding cancer in the lower jaw, which rendered life a burden to him.

In the legislature of North Carolina, a resolution to compel Quakers, Mennonites, &c., to bear arms, or pay an exemption tax, was lately rejected by a vote of 63 to 59.

The total number who died in New York last week was 52—men 26, women 19, boys, and 19 girls—17 died of consumption.

An extensive bed of coal has been discovered in the state of New Jersey, not far from Paterson, which will probably prove a valuable acquisition. A specimen of it has been analyzed by a chemical professor—the coal was found to be composed of 74 parts carbon, 24 of bitumen, and 2 of earth.

A man named Pancake, who lives in Pittsburgh, killed his wife, during the week before last, by striking her several blows on the head with a hatchet. They had lived separate for some time. He has been arrested.

The waters of Lake Ontario and Erie, are at present nearly two feet higher whilst those of Lake Superior are considerably lower than ever before known. It is supposed some new outlet has been formed from the latter, or that its old outlets have been in some way increased or enlarged, to occasion this extraordinary circumstance.

A Mr. Peter Lowe, of Newark, advertises his wife as having left his bed and board, and Mrs. Sarah Lowe rejoins that nothing but fear for her induced her to leave him—the bed, she says, belongs to her.

An unhappy husband, in the West, informs the world that his wife has left his bed and board—or rather, he adds, she has left my board and carried off my bed.

A bachelor, in want of a wife, offers himself as a prize in a lottery, to all widows and maid-servants.

The editor of the Vermont American says he is surprised to see advertisements headed "Vermont Lottery," in the Connecticut, New York and Washington papers. He says if any lottery is really drawing on the strength of old grants of the legislature, they are illegal, and the measures liable to prosecution.

A fair was held at Boston, on Tuesday, for the benefit of the Infant Schools, and is said to have been successful.

On the 1st ultimo, the Legislature of Indiana convened, and received the message of the Governor. The strength of parties in the House of Representatives was equal—29 to 29.

In Michigan, two white persons, convicted of arson, have been sentenced to be sold for three months.

A letter from Augusta, Georgia, states that a proposition has been introduced into the Legislature of that State to impose a tax upon brokerage.

The Methodist missionaries in Upper Canada have about 1500 native Indians under their instruction, who have received Christian baptism. A hundred and twenty of these have been received into classes.

In New-England there are 47 Episcopal mission-stations, 16 of which are reported vacant.

A Mrs. Turner, a native of Sweden, is now astonishing the citizens of Boston by her talents in Lithography. She produces most perfect sketches.

The state of Massachusetts has been for many years petitioning congress for a liquidation of claims which that state has against the general government for services during the late war. The whole amount is about \$900,000, only one-half of which is marked admirable by the auditors and a committee.

The Albany steamboats have proceeded no farther than Red Hook (about 15 miles this side of Hudson) on their last trips. Above that place, the River was closed by ice, and people crossed upon it Monday.

A gentleman named M. de Talleyrand, at a time when every thing was fear and suspense—"Well, prince, how are affairs going?" "Why, as you see," was the reply. The gentleman quizzed; or as the fashionable phrase is, had an optical induction.

The proprietors of the old line of stages from Albany to Buffalo, &c. have again contracted for the transportation of the mail. An unsuccessful effort was made by the proprietors of the Pioneer line to contract for the transportation of it six days in a week only.

The Fancy Ball, at Boston, is said to have exceeded beyond expectation. The Traveller states the character of a French Friseur, as having been bit off to the life. The company separated between twelve and one.

A native sculptor of New Haven, who has a route of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal has been marked out as far as Harper's Ferry, and that the next contracts will be let at that place.

Old Daily W't.—On Monday, during the trial of Mrs. Cooke, the swindler, a witness stated that the prisoner had laid-in during her imprisonment, when Charles Phillips remarked "Aye, that is what I should call a *goal-delivery*."

The Taunton Courier mentions the recovery of a man who had been taken to the Hospital, having fallen into a limo-kilo, merely by the application of frequent dressings of flour.

Mr. W. Jolly, of Monmouth-street, Liverpool, has a kitten (in spirit) that was kittened on the 28th of Oct.—It has one head, two bodies, eight legs, and two tails, all in good proportion; it was kittened alive, but died soon after.

At the late term of the City Court, in Cincinnati, Ohio, there were three convictions for selling lottery tickets, contrary to the provisions of the statue, in each of which a fine of two hundred dollars was inflicted upon the offenders.

A correspondent of the Nantucket Inquirer states, that a comet has for several weeks been visible by the aid of ordinary glasses. It has also presented the appearance of a nebulous or defined star. The writer supposes it to be the comet of 1815, or Encke's comet, and it will pass its perihelion on the 10th of next month.

A vessel will sail from Norfolk, Va., on the 1st of January, for Liberia, to take on colored colonists, under direction of the "American Colonization Society." This equipment will extend the means of the Society, while the above number of emigrants is only a fifth part of those who wish to embark.

An entire load of fresh oysters lately arrived in Philadelphia, in a wagon, in eleven days from the mouth of the Susquehanna river, a distance of 45 miles. It is said in a letter from Paris that much encouragement is given to the following new invention for heating rooms. "A piece of quick lime dipped into water and shut hermetically into a box constructed for the purpose, gives almost a purgatory heat, and prevents the nose of the ready, they will promptly pay him the small amount of their respective dues, which are to be paid to the porters.

The Legislature of New-Jersey meet in Trenton, agreeably to adjournment, on the 6th ult.

There were 285 convicts in the Massachusetts State Prison on the 30th September 1827, since which 104 have been received, 77 have been discharged, 14 pardoned, 4 died, 2 escaped, and 4 discharged by the Supreme Court, leaving the number on the 30th Sept. 1828, 290. Of the present convicts one half are colored persons.

The receipts of New-Hampshire the last year, into her treasury, were to the amount of \$42,353 85; the disbursements \$55,379 16; deficiency \$11,225 61, to be provided for.

On the 30th of September last there were 16,177 U. S. pensioners, receiving \$800,000 a year; \$16 died the past year.

A bill is before the Legislature of North Carolina, for the relief of wives against the indiscipline and waste of their drunken husbands.

There is a family in Germany that has the following poetic and melodious name "Kirk-vern-sank-ots-der-spakking-ach-den;" short and sweet, an octave at a time would sound it much.

Tradition says, that, in former days, two nations of Indians rushed into a fierce and bloody war because two young apprentices of their several tribes quarreled about a grasshopper. The grasshopper escaped and sang its song of life; but hundreds died as victims to its shrill.

A resolution has been offered in the New-Hampshire Legislature, requiring the Cashiers of the banks to furnish annually a list of their stockholders.

In the Ohio penitentiary there are 107 convicts; there has been a deficiency in the affairs of the institution the past year of \$1924 8.

The religious paper of the Methodist Episcopal Society, in New York, is extensively patronized; 2000 hands are employed in this office; 25,000 papers are issued weekly, besides 11,000 magazines, for adults, 900 juvenile magazines, and other printing.

The Winnebago Indians have set out on their return home from Washington.

Two doves were lately brought to the market of Richmond, Virginia, one of which weighed 2100 pounds, the other 1904; they were from the valley of Virginia.

Mr. Henry Hathorn, of Middlebury, Vt., raised last season from one stock of the common bean, nine hundred and fifteen beans.

Mr. Chester Paine, of German Flats, N. Y., raised last year, on less than 11 1/2 rods of ground, 52 bushels of Onions, Turnips and Potatoes; being 723 1/2 bushels per acre. The circumference of one Turnip was 19 inches.

The Ohio canals are proceeding, and so far have realized the expectations of the friends of the system in that Hercules of the west. It is supposed also that the canal round the falls of the Ohio river will be completed in the ensuing year.

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The Ode to Washington, composed by Horn, has been published, at New-York, and sells 31 pages. It contains two marches, three choruses, two songs, and a duet.

The citizens of Nashville gave a dinner and a reception, which he accepted, to a dinner and ball, on the 23d of December, previous to his departure for Washington city.

A meeting has been held at Syracuse to construct a Rail Road from Syracuse through Utica and Caneadon to the Susquehanna. They mean to apply to the legislature to get a charter for a capital of \$500,000. Rail Road and Canal Corporations are all the go in the west.

How to Steal away Bacon.—Married, at Middletown, Conn. Mr. Curtis Bacon, to Miss Ann Stow.

The two maxims of any great man at court are, always to keep his countenance, and never to keep his word.

The total number of votes taken at the late Election of Electors in the State of Tennessee was, for Gen. JACKSON 44,292—for Mr. Adams 2,240! In several of the Districts not a vote was given for any but the Jackson candidate.

On the 18th of March last, the Schuyler Canal commenced its operations for the season, since which, up to the present time, the navigation from the coal mines to the city of Philadelphia was free from interruption, and the quantity of descending and ascending freight more than triple that of any preceding year.

A bill has been reported in the House of Representatives subjecting to penalties and imprisonment, and of being strucked from the rolls, all attorneys, sheriffs, and constables, who shall collect monies and fail to pay it over.

Conjugal Gratitude.—"Frank Hayman, was a dull dog. I recollect when he buried his wife, a friend asked him why he expended so much money on her funeral? "Ah, sir," replied he, "she would have done as much, or more, for me, with pleasure."

About 200 Swiss emigrants have settled in the neighbourhood of Buffalo. This village is in a most flourishing condition.

Counterfeiting notes of the following denominations have made their appearance in Albany: Bank of New York, ten dollars letter B, dated 1st May, 1815—payable to J. Heyer, Chas. Wilkes, cash. M. Clarkson pres.—all remarkably well done.

A man has been sentenced to pay fifteen dollars a day for shooting his neighbour's dog—not in the street. The dog has a good character, and had once saved the life of a child, by dragging it from the water.

The Pennsylvania Canal Commissioners have issued proposals for the grading and road formation of forty miles of the State Rail-road between Columbia and Philadelphia. The work will be begun at each end, and the present proposals therefore embrace two sections of twenty miles each.

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Mr. W. Jolly, of Monmouth-street, Liverpool, has a kitten (in spirit) that was kittened on the 28th of Oct.—It has one head, two bodies, eight legs, and two tails, all in good proportion; it was kittened alive, but died soon after.

At the late term of the City Court, in Cincinnati, Ohio, there were three convictions for selling lottery tickets, contrary to the provisions of the statue, in each of which a fine of two hundred dollars was inflicted upon the offenders.

A correspondent of the Nantucket Inquirer states, that a comet has for several weeks been visible by the aid of ordinary glasses. It has also presented the appearance of a nebulous or defined star. The writer supposes it to be the comet of 1815, or Encke's comet, and it will pass its perihelion on the 10th of next month.

A vessel will sail from Norfolk, Va., on the 1st of January, for Liberia, to take on colored colonists, under direction of the "American Colonization Society." This equipment will extend the means of the Society, while the above number of emigrants is only a fifth part of those who wish to embark.

Jacob Butt, Esq. of the town of Laurens, N. C., committed suicide on the 22d ult. in his barn. He was a man in easy circumstances, highly respected, and rising in years.

A gentleman who resides on the Georgia side of the Savannah river, a few miles above Augusta, writes that he has made wine, for four years, by means of old vines, which is of very good quality, and hangs in large young vineyard, principally consisting of Adium's vines, from which he expects, in three years, to make at least forty

hundred gallons.

The Legislature of New-Jersey meet in Trenton, agreeably to adjournment, on the 6th ult.

There were 285 convicts in the Massachusetts State Prison on the 30th September 1827, since which 104 have been received, 77 have been discharged, 14 pardoned, 4 died, 2 escaped, and 4 discharged by the Supreme Court, leaving the number on the 30th Sept. 1828, 290. Of the present convicts one half are colored persons.

The Post.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1829.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Dying Mother is a good article, though not so happy as some of the former productions of the same writer.

My Mother's Grave is evidently from the pen of a lady, and we are too gallant to decline any thing coming from one of the gentle sex.

Hereto we hope she will be more careful in revising her composition.

A note for Orsmy is at this office. He may have it upon calling for it; or, if he had rather, we will throw it into the Post Office.

C. M. N. is the most patriotic of poets. His verses run o'er with it. Take, for instance, the following verse, the only one we are able to furnish:

Huzzas for our Nob's Liberty,

Which was gained alone by glorious bravery.

The immortal Washington sits free,

And hush'd the talkin' demon Slavery.

The Hour I Love is quite unpolished.

A Modern Socrates is not the wisest man

who has ever borne that name. Writing essays does not seem to be his forte, and we advise him to give it up.

If H. A. will favour us with the dimensions of the tomb-stone, from which he says the inscription was copied, we will return him his MSS.; for really it would be a pity to deprive him of 200 souvenirs acquainted with the man.

T. M.'s solution shall have a place.

TO OUR PATRONS.

It has always been our custom, at the commencement of a New Year, to present ourselves to our patrons, and offer our acknowledgments for their kindness, with our best wishes for their continued health and prosperity. In doing this, we have generally taken occasion to throw a hasty retrospect over the events of the past year, so far as they may have affected any relation existing between ourselves and our subscribers, pointing out, and calling attention to, the improvements we may have made, and taking credit wherever it properly belonged to us. At this time, it is not our intention to enter into any minute detail connected with this subject; but we may be permitted to say, that the size of the paper has been somewhat enlarged, while smaller type, cast expressly for us, has been used; and by these means, of course, the quantity of matter has been considerably increased.

In the manner of conducting the paper, we have made no change, nor shall we make any. Time, the best test in such matters, has taught us that the plan upon which we have uniformly proceeded, though not so showy as some others, is the one most likely to continue to us the patronage we have always enjoyed; for while many publications, of a somewhat similar character, though differing in particular, have been sprung up around us, full of the fairest promises, and in a short time falling into oblivion, we have kept the even tenor of our way, turning neither to the right nor the left, and constantly receiving a liberal share of the public support.

Our and our friends' support, and the support of our subscribers, is the best guarantee for the permanence of our paper.

TO PUBLISHERS OF NEWSPAPERS.

Our exchange has increased, during the past year, to such an extent as to have become burdensome; many papers that we receive are not of the least value to us, as we have scarce time to open and glance over the contents of the greater part of them. These editors, therefore, who may not receive the numbers exceeding this, are respectfully requested to discontinue their exchange.

Editor who may think proper to insert the present Gazette advertisement in their respective papers, and give that work an occasional notice, will be entitled to receive the Saturday Evening Post, at least one year, for any sum he may desire.

TO OUR PATRONS.

